5/6/76

Dear Dick,

Enclosed is my today's letter to Steve Bair so you can see that I am not taking your name in vain or involving you in anything. He has to have flipped, as I see it, to try to pull this kind of silly stuff on me. If he fails to be unequivocal about the purchase contract for my edition of my work it really makes little difference to cite but one of the examples of what I regard as Dell insanity. I have more than enough of their records to show that they actually wrote in their books that a straight purchase deal, for which I have the contract if he does not, is a "joint venture" against which they then made spuriousacharges and in which they did not post either their order or their actual receipts of the books. I have both, some in Meyer's or Tobey's handwriting. To the simple soul of a non-lawyer this is another case of fraud. If he/they want this in court I'll try my best to accomodate. What I will not do is waste more time on this. If he wants to wear a hard hat on a hard head, there is nothing I can do.

I've told him honestly about the unanticipated development in court yesterday because I had given him more or less of a schedule.

Unlike his representation, I was too conservative in anticipation of what could happen in yesterday's calendar call. The judge appears to be uptight, very uptight. On her own, without even a hint from us, she called another status call for a week from yesterday. She politely clobbered the Assistant U.S. Attorney, who lost himself a couple of times and behaved in a rather unprofessional way. These arrogant authoritarians actually believe there is no law with them and their lusts. Happily the judge felt otherwise. Thus without asking anyone she scheduled another status call for seven days. If I read her correctly, she is going to order, despite the great work it will mean for her, a Vaughn-type inventory (with 203,500 admitted documents!); and possibly that the FBI reassign personnel or hire others to comply with my request and complaint.

We have been saying little in court because there has been little need. The crazy government has made it unnecessary. They have not yet complied with the judge's directives of 3/26 and we have not yet found it necessary to intrude into the proceedings to tell her. I imagine this will end next week, but I'm leaving that up to Jim Lesar.

I'm sorry you could not have been there. When we left the courtroom we phoned the FBI. Under pressure the FBI had, six weeks too late, told Jim after the end of the working day prior to this hearing, that it had found some pictures of the scene of the crime. I had told Jim, accurately, what these would be, as it turned out.

So, I asked him to call the FBI agent in charge and , if he did not take the phone, not to ask when we could see him but to announce that we were on our way to follow the USAtty's invitation to see what he had. By the time we walked five blocks to the J. Edgar Hoover Building he had made all the arrangements with the reception desk even if, supposedly, he was not at his own when Jim called. He then showed us little. When I had skimmed this, mostly Time-Life's property, boughtfrom a photog who screwed National Public Broadcasting, I gave specifics of what of his film I had not been shown. The unflappable FBI agent's voice changed, perceptibly. And don't you think that I won't be able to give the frame numbers of what they had removed.

I then also specified other withheld material and told him that in some cases I would supply receipts and in others give the names of agents. I will, of course.

This takes much time and wastes much, but what a gas, as I think it was once called. (Who can keep up with slang?) The time required has the retyping caught up to my reading. It now includes all the first two parts of the book except the same two chapters, about 400 triple-spaced pages.

Best,

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